

M L
50
032
P32
1878
MUSI

00-NRLE



\$C 107 667

ML50.032.P32 1878

THE
OATES
ENGLISH
COMIC OPERA
LIBRETTO,
LA PERICHOLE.

(THE ONLY CORRECT AND AUTHORIZED VERSION.)

MUSIC BY JAQUES OFFENBACH

Produced for the First Time in America in English, February 8th, 1878, at the
Grand Opera House, Cincinnati, Ohio, by the

OATES ENGLISH COMIC OPERA COMPANY.

R. E. J. MILES, - - MANAGER.

Commercial Job Rooms Print, Cincinnati.



READING
PREP. DIV.
(MENDING)

THE
OATES

ENGLISH

COMIC OPERA

LIBRETTO,

LA PERICHOLE.

(THE ONLY CORRECT AND AUTHORIZED VERSION.)

MUSIC BY JAQUES OFFENBACH

Produced for the First Time in America in English, February 8th, 1878, at the
Grand Opera House, Cincinnati, Ohio, by the

OATES ENGLISH COMIC OPERA COMPANY.

R. E. J. MILES, - - MANAGER.



Combine more features of DURABILITY, ECONOMY, CONVENIENCE, and GOOD SELLING POINTS, embracing EVERY FEATURE of UTILITY KNOWN TO THE TRADE, and have MORE EXCLUSIVE and NOVEL FEATURES than any other line of Cooking Stoves in the world. EVERY STOVE IS SOLD WITH A WRITTEN GUARANTEE.

EIGHTY-FIVE SIZES AND KINDS FOR ANY AND ALL KINDS OF FUEL.

We manufacture a full line, adapted to the wants of EVERY SECTION of the country. Dealers wishing a line which can be SOLD AT A PROFIT, and will LEAD THE TRADE, are requested to write for discounts and samples of advertisements.

Our New Patterns of Heaters for Fall Trade of 1878 are the finest ever produced.

SEE OUR FALL CIRCULAR.

W. C. DAVIS & CO., - - CINCINNATI, OHIO.



Walnut Street House,

\$2.00 PER DAY.

Walnut Street, between Sixth and Seventh,

CINCINNATI, O.

P. K. SCOTT, - - Proprietor.

CLERKS: - - - - - { HAS. MORLIDGE.
FRANK GREEN.

ROBT AIR, Manager.

All modern improvements, including passenger and baggage elevators.

LA PERICHOLE:

(The Street Singer.)

A COMIC OPERA IN FOUR ACTS.

MUSIC BY

JACQUES OFFENBACH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LA PERICHOLE, } The Street Singers.
Piquillo, }
DON ANDRES (Viceroy of Peru).
DON PEDRO (Governor of Lima).
COUNT PANATELLAS.
THE MARQUIS OF TARAPOTE.
GUADALENA, }
BERGINELLA, } The Three Cousins.
MASTRILLA, }

NINETTA.
BRAMBILLA.
FRASQUINELLA.
MANUELITA.
JAILER.
AN OLD PRISONER.
CHORUS (Citizens, Soldiers).
PEASANTS, NOTARIES.

SCENE.—THE CITY OF LIMA PERU.

ARGUMENT.

PIQUILLO and LA PERICHOLE, two singers of pleasing voices, but very poor, happen to come to Lima on the birthday of the Viceroy, which day was celebrated with good will by the populace, who were allowed unlimited "free drinks," which they procured, not a few of them, at the favorite cabaret or inn of the "Three Cousins," named from the wide-awake damsels who carried on the business there. The Governor of Lima and Count Panatellas, in disguise, were among the throng, to see that all were made merry. The Viceroy was also walking about, unknown, as he supposed, but easily recognized.

Piquillo and La Perichole (who are devotedly attached to each other, but too poor to be married) are almost starving. They sing in the public square, but make nothing by it, and he strays away to sing elsewhere, while she, quite worn out, tries to sleep on one of the benches near the inn. The Viceroy here sees her, and is struck with her beauty. On her awaking, he requests her to follow him to the palace, where she shall be the viceroy's favorite. As a request from such a source was equivalent to a command, she could not but comply; and seeing, in her desperation, that by ingenuity she may escape all evil consequences, and benefit herself and lover, she pretends to consent willingly, being pretty sure, in the outset, of getting a good dinner, of which she is sorely in need. Sending a note of explanation to Piquillo, she proceeds to dine with the Viceroy. This gentleman, however, becomes aware of an old law, that none but married ladies should inhabit his portion of the palace; and to evade it commands his ministers straightway to find some poor wretch who will "marry and leave" La Perichole.

This nice scheme is much advanced by the appearance of Piquillo, who, on receiving the letter of his love, jealous and miserable, and misunderstanding it, proceeds to hang himself. He is rescued by Panatellas, who, by means of a good dinner and many glasses of wine, persuades him to be married instead. La Perichole also is somewhat overcome by the unwonted good cheer, and the tipsy pair are married by a couple of tipsy notaries, the lady alone knowing whom she is marrying.

All now adjourn to the palace, all about equally tipsy, except Piquillo, who is very far gone. Having slept off the effects of the wine, they all meet in the morning, when Piquillo understands, with much amazement, that he has been married, and to the king's favorite.

Piquillo is thrown into prison, where he is visited by La Perichole. His indignation is boundless, and it requires all her skill to prevent him, by his dullness and anger, spoiling entirely her plan of escape. They manage to escape, and make their appearance on the public square, where the viceroy and his followers meet them; by appealing to his better nature, she procures for both liberty to depart, not only married without cost, but with a bountiful present of gold and jewels from the Viceroy. The story, while greatly comic, includes so much pathos as to move both to tears and laughter.

F. SCOTT SMITH
MUSIC LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA

3 sisters
are Anita,
Berginella +
Planchetta
in 1878
in piano-vocal score

ML 50
O 32 P 32
1878
MUSI

LA PERICHOLE.

ACT I.

SQUARE IN THE CITY OF LIMA.

CHORUS.

The birthday of our Viceroy gayly keeping,
We celebrate this happy day;
For he's engaged the whole assembly,
Paying each one to keep the holiday.
The birthday, the birthday of our Viceroy,
With playing we celebrate this happy day
We celebrate this happy day.
He said to us, "Oh, be gay!
Cheer and cheer and cheer still more;
You shall drink the whole long day;
Charge it to my special score."
We'll cheer, we'll cheer;
The birthday of our Viceroy, playing,
We celebrate this happy day;
For he's engaged the whole assembly,
Paying each one to keep the holiday,
The birthday of our Viceroy gayly keeping,
We celebrate this happy day.

Enter THREE COUSINS. (*Couplets.*)

GUADALENA. Ready for business, we three cousins,
We have opened this little shop,
Wine by bottle, case, or dozens—
Claret or sherry or sparkling pop.

CHO. Claret or sherry or sparkling pop.

GUAD. Gents, give your orders, speak up loud—
Champagne, champagne for all the crowd!
Gents, give your orders, speak up loud—

CHO. Champagne, champagne for all the crowd.

GUAD. There is no shop in all Peru
Where so many good friends meet daily;
Here you are welcome, all of you,
Making the red wine run, glow, glow,
Singing and laughing and dancing gayly.

CHO. Making the red wine run, glow, glow,
We will sit singing and laughing gayly,
We'll sit and sing, and laugh full gayly.

BERGINELLA. If one is absent, call for another
And if another is not there,
There is a third one of the same mother,
Equally ready, equally fair.
Gents, give your orders, etc.

CHO. Champagne, champagne for all the crowd.
Gents, give your orders, etc.
Champagne, champagne for all the crowd.

MASTRILLA. When they are fair, young, persevering,
Nobody knows what girls can do;
This success is really cheering—
Gentlemen all, our thanks to you.
Gents, give your orders, etc.

CHO. Champagne, champagne for all the crowd.
Gents, give your orders, etc.
Champagne, champagne for all the crowd,
Making the red wine, etc.

Enter DON PEDRO, disguised.

PEDRO. One word, three cousins.

COUSINS. How?

PEDRO. Ingrates! do you not recognize me?

GUAD. Seigneur Don Pedro de Hinoxosa!

BERG. The governor of Lima!

MAST. In this guise!

PEDRO. Himself! But tell me, do they amuse
themselves here? Are they making plenty of noise?

GUAD. Plenty, I assure you.

PEDRO. This is the Viceroy's birthday; the city of
Lima must be gay. If the city of Lima is not gay,
he will think the city of Lima is badly governed;
and I, who am governor of the city of Lima, shall
lose my place.

MAST. The city of Lima is gay.

PEDRO. Is it really? [*Crowd all laugh.*]

BERG. Is it? They are all laughing—

MAST. And drinking—

GUAD. And singing—

PEDRO. Good, very good; but we are getting dry.
Fill, three cousins, fill all the glasses, and let us
sing to give the others the idea of singing.

CHO. Making the good wine run, glow, glow,
We'll sit and sing, and laugh full gayly.

Enter COUNT DE PANATELLAS, disguised as a vender of
cakes.

PANATELLAS. Cakes! Who wants cakes? Who
wants cakes?

PEDRO. I, your Excellency.

PANA. You recognize me?

PEDRO. What! not recognize the Count de Pana-
tellas, first gentleman of the bed-chamber!

PANA. You are quite proud, governor. I'll wager,
however, that you don't know what happened half
an hour ago in the viceregal palace.

PEDRO. Pardon me, your Excellency; half an hour
ago a man cautiously left the palace by the little
kitchen-door.

PANA. Go on.

PEDRO. This man, dressed as a doctor—

PANA. Well!

PEDRO. Is no other than Don Andres de Ribeira,
Viceroy of Peru, and our gracious master.

PANA. With what object do you think his High-
ness has determined to run about the streets of Lima
to-day?

PEDRO. I think that the Viceroy, believing that he

can not be recognized, will take advantage of the occasion to question the people without appearing to do so, in order to learn for himself what they think of his administration.

PANA. And does not that disturb you?

PEDRO. I have taken precautions. Every body in this neighborhood is in my service, and all have been instructed how to answer.

[A sound of castanets is heard.]

PANA. What is that noise of castanets?

PEDRO. That signal announces to my people that his Highness is in sight and comes this way. Do you observe those fellows? [To the crowd.] Attention, my friends, but appear to be at ease.

[Panatellas and Pedro exit.]

CHO. 'Tis he, 'tis our Viceroy,
But we will not express our joy;
We recognize him—oh, so well!—
But it will never do to tell.

Enter DON ANDRES DE RIBEIRA and Three Cousins.

I.

VICEROY. Telling my courtiers not to mind me,
I slip away and leave my court;
Crown and scepter I leave behind me,
And I do as I had n't ought;
And so now I go through the city,
Unrecognized and alone I go.
The girls, the girls, oh, aren't they pretty?
Incognito, incognito, incognito, incognito!
Ah! if a monarch wants their smiles
Let him go once awhile incognito.

II.

I reply, if any one quarrels
With my wandering out alone,
I look after my people's morals,
Quite independent of my own.
Second-hand reports might deceive me;
What they are doing I mean to know,
And I find out, you may believe me,
Incognito, incognito, incognito, incognito—
And I find out, you may believe me,
Incognito, incognito, incognito, incognito.

CHO. We'll respect his incognito.

[Exit Mastrilla and Berginella to inn.]

VICE. A glass of chicho after that. [To Guadaleña.]
Here, my child, get me a glass of chicho.

GUAD. Yes, doctor.

VICE. I do n't need to ask if they are gay. If every one is merry, every thing is in good order. [To 1st Drinker.] Is it not true, sir, that we have no great cause to complain?

1ST DRINKER. Long live the Viceroy!

VICE. Really, sir—

1ST DRINK. Long live the Viceroy!

VICE. Ah, long live the Viceroy! That is all very well; but after all there is nothing perfect in this world, and there are doubtless plenty of things to say against him.

1ST DRINKER. Long live the Viceroy! That's all I have to say. Long live the Viceroy!

VICE. This man has noble sentiments and a fine voice. To judge by his dress, he must be a citizen. [To 2d Drinker.] Sir, judging by your dress, you must be from the country?

2D DRINKER. Long live the Viceroy!

VICE. What, again?

2D DRINKER. Long live the Viceroy!

VICE. Most gratifying; but I would be glad to

know the feeling of the natives as well, and am going to inform myself. [Exit Viceroy.]

Enter PERICHOLE and PIQUILLO, poorly clad.

PIQUILLO [to Guad]. You will allow us, won't you?

GUAD. With pleasure, my man.

PIQ. Thanks, my good lady; I thank you greatly.

PIQ. and PERI. Let us hope we will take more here than we have as yet.

PERI. Tell me, Piquillo—

PIQ. What?

PERI. Absolutely you want to take up the collection yourself?

PIQ. Yes, I wish it.

PERI. Very well then.

PIQ. And if I wish it, it is because I have my reasons for wishing it. I have noticed how, when you pass among the tables—

PERI. Very well, I tell you. But I know what we will get by that.

PIQ. I have noticed, I tell you, and it doesn't please me at all. Are you ready?

PERI. Quite ready.

PIQ. [to crowd]. The Spaniard and the Indian girl.

The conqueror said to the Indian beauty,

"By conquest I've won thee, do not repine;

My passion ever is tempered by duty,

Thy virtue, girl, shall be guarded by mine.

Go, tell thy tribe, the men who defied them,

My virtue is not my highest card.

BOTH. I can make love, I can make love,
I can make love, for I'm a Spaniard."

PERI. At these remarks, so tenderly beguiling,
A sympathetic tear the maid let fall;
Then murmured, lifting up her eyes and smiling,
"I do n't think you're so horrid, after all.

One year will pass, a scene of peaceful pleasure;

Domestic bliss by no dissension marred,

We see them now, two parents whisper

O'er their infant treasure.

BOTH. He'll get along, he'll get along,
He'll get along, for he's a Spaniard."

[Piquillo goes through the crowd.]

PIQ. Ah, misers!

PERI. What did I tell you? Let me try now, I beg.

PIQ. Well, go on; but I sha'n't lose sight of you.

PERI. [whispering]. Well, let it be so; but try at least to be reasonable, and not make a fuss if you see that any of them talk nonsense to me. Come, gentlemen, let your pockets do their duty; excellent gentlemen!

FAT PEASANT. Tell me, pretty one—

PIQ. Just wait a minute, you fat scoundrel!

PERI. Come, gentlemen, encourage the singers.

THIN PEASANT. Why, nothing can please me better.

PIQ. Ah, the little lath with pointed beard! Wait a minute!

PERI. Oh, if that's the way you are going to behave. No one would give money for such a dry old air as that. Give them something lively. Now, fire away.

DUET.

I.

PIQ. Oh, listen now, I pray,
Oh, listen to my ditty;
Oh, have you not heard
That you are very pretty?

PERI. I have been called a bird,
And so I'll fly away, sir;
I have been called a bird,
And I will say good day, sir.

PIQ. To you I'll homage pay,
And I'll always be gay;
I owe you my duty,
For you are my beauty.

PERI. Then I should answer you,
Your flattery's a warning;
Then I should answer too,
I wish you, sir, good morning.

PIQ. Say good morning.

PERI. Yes, good morning.

PIQ. Say good morning.

PERI. Yes, good morning.

PIQ. Ah, then quickly drive away;
We will always be gay.

PERI. Whoa, there! whoa, don't go quicker!
Whoa, there! whoa, there, don't go!

PIQ. Whoa, there! whoa, don't go quicker!
Whoa, there! whoa, there, don't go!

BOTH. Hoop-la! hoop-la!
Whoa, there! whoa, there, don't go!
Quicker! whoa, there, do not go!
Hoop-la! hoop-la!
I'm your true friend, don't you know?
So no further you must go.

II.

PIQ. Oh! won't we have a day?
Indeed we will be jolly;
We'll drive care away,
And banish melancholy.

PERI. Then I should answer you,
Your flattery's a warning;
Then I should answer too,
I wish you, sir, good morning.

PIQ. To you I'll homage pay,
And I'll always be gay;
I owe you my duty,
For you are my beauty.

BOTH. Hoop-la! hoop-la! etc.

PIQ. There they go!

PERI. They leave us to run after learned dogs—to
listen to jugglers' music!

PIQ. While we who represent art—

PERI. Real art—

PIQ. They leave us here, all three alone.

PERI. How all three?

PIQ. Why, yes—you, me, and art.

PERI. Ah!

PIQ. Poor art! After all, of us three our art is least
to be pitied, for it is immortal; and, being immortal,
it needs neither dinner nor breakfast, while we who
do need those things have had no breakfast.

PERI. And as for supper, we must go without it.

PIQ. That is very likely. After all, I should care
very little, if it were not for one idea that troubles me.

PERI. What idea? Let us see.

PIQ. I am afraid you are tired of never having
any thing to eat.

PERI. I! The idea!

PIQ. Yes, I am afraid that in time—

PERI. There is no fear of that.

PIQ. Really, that does not worry you.

PERI. On the contrary, my friend, on the contrary.

PIQ. Bravo! You give me confidence. Come, Peri-
chole, come.

PERI. Go and sing if you like; for my part I have
no longer strength to move.

PIQ. What can you do then?

PERI. Evening is drawing near; I will lie down
here and try to sleep a little. He who sleeps dines;
at least so the proverb says.

PIQ. And you are going to try that cookery?

PERI. Of course; I might prefer some other; but
since—

PIQ. O my darling!

PERI. O my dearest!

PIQ. My adored Perichole!

PERI. My beloved Piquillo!

PIQ. If we were only married!

PERI. True; but we are not.

PIQ. It costs four dollars to get married—four
dollars—and the government is not ashamed to de-
mand it. Wretched country! Well, I am going to
sing, and try to pick a few maravedis.

PERI. That's right—go and sing. I am going to
sleep.

PIQ. The cobbler poor has lost his awl,

And now can make no shoes. [*Exit Piquillo.*]

Enter VICEROY.

VICE. Oh, truth! truth! Who will tell one the
truth? Those men who cried "Long live the Vice-
roy!" so heartily—well, I find all in collusion; and
even an Indian chief, whose honesty I could not
doubt, turned out to be Panatellas, my first gentleman
of the bed-chamber. I detected him by offering him
a ring to put on his nose. Alas! where can I learn the
truth?

PERI. Frightful day!

VICE. What do I hear?

PERI. Miserable country!

VICE. 'T is a woman. She is young and beautiful.
She seems to be in a condition verging on indigence.

PERI. [*waking*]. They may say what they please,
but decidedly dining and sleeping are not the same
thing at all. I prefer dining.

VICE. Heavens! what is this I feel?

PERI. Well! well!

VICE. It's nothing—only what people call a thun-
der-clap. Ah, behold me suddenly in love!

PERI. You have not hurt yourself?

VICE. No, I thank you. That's it—I'm caught.
It is a real passion. Your name?

PERI. La Perichole.

VICE. Just now I was listening to you. I thought
at first you were the spirit of truth.

PERI. The spirit of truth!

VICE. I was, doubtless, mistaken, and still I have
every reason to believe that if you would only con-
sent to wear her costume—

PERI. Familiarities!

VICE. Pardon me—I was jesting.

PERI. Ah! I am in no humor.

VICE. In fact, you alone in all this gay city seem
sad. Confide in me.

PERI. What?

VICE. Your sorrows.

PERI. What would be the use?

VICE. Who can tell? Give me some particulars.
Speak of yourself, your family.

PERI. Obscure.

VICE. Your position?

PERI. A street-singer.

VICE. A musician?

PERI. That also.

VICE. Married?

PERI. No.

VICE. [*aside*]. Heavens! This is the most im-

portant. I ask the question; while awaiting the answer I tremble. [*Aloud.*] And no lovers?

PERI. How should that concern you?

VICE. How should that concern me? Well!

PERI. No; no lovers.

VICE. Ah, rejoice then! All your sorrows terminate here. I will take you with me.

PERI. Where?

VICE. To the court—to the palace of the Viceroy.

PERI. What should I do there?

VICE. You will be a maid—

PERI. A companion?

VICE. No, of honor—maid of honor to the Vice-Queen.

PERI. To the Vice-Queen!

VICE. I understand your astonishment. The Viceroy had in reality the misfortune to lose her; but he wished to retain something that would remind him of her whom he loved so well. I have therefore retained the services of the maids of honor.

PERI. You said, "I retained." Are you then—

VICE. It is true; I have betrayed myself.

PERI. Ah!

VICE. I have betrayed myself; but I do not regret it, if you will only promise not to betray me.

PERI. Not so fast. There are plenty of people in the streets of Lima who, to mock a poor young girl, would amuse themselves by saying I am the Viceroy, and then simply burst out laughing and say, I am simply Velasquez, or Perez, or—

VICE. You doubt?

PERI. A little bit.

VICE. You want proof?

PERI. It would do no harm.

VICE. Well, then, come and cry out with me.

PERI. You want me to cry out?

VICE. Yes; cry "Down with the Viceroy!"

PERI. With pleasure.

BOTH. Down with the Viceroy! Down with the Viceroy!

Enter PANATELLAS and PEDRO.

PANA. What! Who is the knave that dares?

VICE. 'Tis I!

PANA. You, your Highness?

PEDRO. Nobody but you, your Highness, would have had the idea of playing such a prank.

PERI. His Highness!

VICE. Are you convinced, my child?

PERI. Yes, at last.

VICE. And you will follow me?

PERI. What can I do, since there is no way of doing otherwise? But first, have you your tablets with you?

VICE. Here they are!

PERI. Let me have them. A letter to write before going with you—a letter to write to some one.

VICE. To whom?

PERI. To an old relation.

VICE. Ah, how you frightened me! You can never know how you frightened me!

PANA. One moment, your Highness, one moment.

VICE. What is it, gentlemen?

PEDRO. This woman—

VICE. This woman?

PEDRO. But, your Highness, the regulation.

VICE. What regulation?

PANA. The Viceroy, being a widower, and having reached an age when it is easier to commit a folly than to pierce the bull between the shoulders, it has been decreed that your Highness could not bestow the department upon the third floor on any but a married woman.

PEDRO. Is she married?

VICE. No, she is not.

PEDRO. Well, then.

VICE. 'Tis true, gentlemen, she is not married, and the regulation requires that she should be. I thank you for having reminded me of it. I charge you first, gentleman of my bed-chamber, to find me as speedily as possible some poor devil who will consent to marry her immediately; and if in two hours—you understand me perfectly?—if in two hours every thing is not concluded, I shall accept the resignation of all your duties, responsibilities, and dignities, as well as the salaries pertaining thereto, immediately.

[*Exit Viceroy.*]

PEDRO. What shall we do, Miguel?

PANA. Obey, Pedro, and by and by we shall see.

PEDRO. Then I will seek there. A notary lives there, and I will try to persuade him.

PANA. And I will go and try to find a husband.

[*Exit Pedro and Panatellas.*]

PERI. Ah, Piquillo, poor Piquillo! what will you say when you receive this letter?

Oh, my life, my love, I adore thee;

Thou alone, love, hast all my heart;

Thou art loved as was none before thee,

But misery tells us to part.

No doubt can there be, no mistaking,

How long could this last, love, oh, say?

It is better, though my heart's breaking,

To separate now and for aye.

Dost think love can languish much longer

On the crusts which the dogs will not bite?

Is the heart or hunger the stronger—

Can affection crush appetite?

I'm weak, and a woman, I own it,

And I know that love must be fed;

Too late 't would have been to have known it

When love and myself both were dead.

If these words are hard, I am sorry;

But what, then, my dear, is the cure?

Indeed you have no cause to worry;

I'll take care of myself, be sure.

Ah, farewell, when thy heart's resigned me,

Unchanged love will linger in mine.

PERICHOLE.

Signed through tears that blind me;

Who loves, but who can not be thine.

Enter VICEROY.

VICE. Here I am!

PERI. Very well; now call somebody.

VICE. Here, you three cousins!

Enter THREE COUSINS.

PERI. Here is a letter, which you will hand to the tall, handsome young man who was singing with me not long ago.

VICE. Now, then, suppose we go and dine?

PERI. [*aside*]. Ah! even now, were he to come back— But since he does not come back—[*Aloud.*] Well, let us go and dine, since he does not come back.

VICE. Why, what are you doing?

PERI. Ah!

[*Exits with Viceroy.*]

GUAD. Here is our man.

Enter PIQUILLO slowly, murmuring a song.

PIQ. Two maravedis—in all, two maravedis—and even one of these has a very curious ring! Poor Perichole! Is it worth while to wake her, to tell her— Why, where is she?

BERG. Handsome singer—

MAST. We have a letter for you, handsome singer.

PIQ. A letter?

GUAD. Yes, a letter that a person who was here just now begged us to hand you.

PIQ. Good heavens! It needed only this!

MAST. Tell us, handsome singer, would you like to take something?

BERG. Don't be bashful.

GUAD. For you know, as for the price, we won't mention it.

PIQ. Thank you greatly for your kindness; but, upon my word, just now I have no heart to drink. Some other time, if you will—some other time.

[Exit Three Cousins.]

PIQ. [reads letter]. Well, well! I think now that poor Piquillo has sung his last song. In all serious matters you may trust implicitly to my fidelity. Certainly I trust it, and you shall see how I trust it. Ah, Perichole, Perichole! [Perceives Perichole's guitar, from which he detaches ribbon.] A cord! This will do for one. A nail! Excellent! Now for a scaffold. There, I have all that I need. [Fastens string to his neck.] Now a kick to the scaffold. It looks quite easy, but that's just the difficult part. Come—one—two—three. Decidedly that is the most difficult part. Just as at billiards, the last carom, all amateurs tell you, is the most difficult one. Come!

Enter PANATELLAS, who kicks away stool, and PIQUILLO falls.

PIQ. O heavens!

PANA. Help! some one help!

Enter THREE COUSINS.

PANA. That man was there endeavoring to hang himself.

GUAD. Ah! that's not our fault, my lord; we offered him—

PANA. Well, never mind. [To Piquillo.] One word only; are you married?

PIQ. Eh?

PANA. Are you married?

PIQ. No.

PANA. [to Three Cousins]. Take him in there, and bring him to himself. Give him something to drink. I will speak with him presently.

PIQ. Who kicked over the stool? It was not I—it was not I.

[Exit Piquillo.]

Enter VICEROY.

VICE. Some Malaga; quick, girl, some Malaga!

MAST. Yes, sir. [Exit Mastrilla.]

VICE. Well, count, have you found—

PANA. Yes, I hope so.

VICE. Ah, my friend, that woman is an angel; such reserve, such delicacy, such taste! For example, when I proposed to her to get married, she refused point blank. But I hope to persuade her with the use of two or three glasses of Malaga.

Enter PEDRO.

PEDRO. Some port—instantly some port!

VICE. Well, governor, these notaries?

PEDRO. Your Highness, they make no end of objections; but with the aid of some port I shall get through with it.

Enter MASTRILLA and GUADALENA,

MAST. Here is the Malaga.

GUAD. And here is the port.

VICE. [to Mastrilla]. Follow me.

[Exit Viceroy and Guadalena.]

PEDRO. Well, Miguel?

PANA. Can you imagine such things? Here is a man who wishes for nothing better than to hang himself. I propose to him to get married, and he puts on airs. [Enter MASTRILLA.] Fortunately with a little Madeira. Mademoiselle, I beg of you to let me have some Madeira.

[Exit Pedro.]

MAST. Yes, sir.

[Exit.]

Enter VICEROY.

VICE. Some sherry, I beg; I should n't be displeased to have a little sherry.

PANA. Well, your Highness?

VICE. Well, it gets on, my friend; it gets on very well, although she still has some scruples—very little ones. However, with a few biscuits dipped in sherry— [Enter GUADALENA.] Mademoiselle, some sherry, I beg.

GUAD. Immediately, sir.

[Exit.]

VICE. You know, if it can help you to decide your man, you may tell him that upon his marriage he will become Marquis de Mancanares, Baron de Tobago.

PANA. I will not fail, your Highness.

Enter MASTRILLA.

MAST. Here is the Madeira.

Enter GUADALENA.

GUAD. Here is the sherry.

PANA. This way with the Madeira.

[Exit Viceroy, Panatellas, Mastrilla and Guadalena.]

Enter PEDRO, intoxicated.

PEDRO. Some Alicante now. It seems my colleague prefers Alicante.

Enter BERGINELLA.

BERG. The gentleman wishes—

PEDRO. Some Alicante, my dear.

BERG. Immediately, sir.

PEDRO. It don't work at all in there.

Enter GUADALENA.

PEDRO. Just think, cousin, it don't work at all. They drink all I give them, but as to consenting to what I require, I may whistle for it.

BERG. Alicante, sir.

PEDRO. Come then, come quickly.

[Exit Berginella and Pedro.]

Enter VICEROY, PEDRO and PANATELLAS.

VICE. Well, my friend.

PANA. Well, your Highness.

VICE. She consents, my friend, she consents; but I have had trouble.

PANA. I also have had trouble; but I don't regret it, since I have succeeded.

VICE. Your man has decided.

PANA. Quite made up his mind; only, to overcome the idiot's scruples, I was forced to have such a bout with him that I declare he is incapable of taking ten steps.

VICE. Is that all? The marriage shall take place here.

PANA. Here?

PEDRO. I will encourage now his grace
In order to retain my place.
PANA. I'll give him all assistance fit
To get myself some benefit.
NOTARIES. Marry them quick, right in a wink;
Afterwards there'll be more to drink.
COUSINS. They both are young, and one is fair;
Oh, won't they make a jolly pair!
ALL. Aye! Ah, our congratulations
To the happy pair;
Oh, do n't you note the indications—
The promise of a future fair?
Oh, but life goes lightly
While the wine we quaff;
Let us all politely—
Let's see them finished off.
1ST NOT. Say, young man, now will you have
This woman for your lawful wife?
PIQ. Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye.
MEN. Aye, aye, etc.

2D NOT. And, young woman, will you forever
Love your lord, nor seek to sever?
PERI. Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye.
GIRLS. Aye, aye, etc.
NOTARIES. Now 't is done—it is done;
The law has 'ned you—you're forever
one.
CHO. The law, etc.
ALL. Ah, our congratulations, etc.
PERI. Good sir, your hand pray give to me.
CHO. Ha, ha! Good luck to you!
PIQ. Oh, yes, indeed I will, my dear;
CHO. Long live the happy pair!
PERI. You seem to me a little queer.
CHO. Ha! ha! Good luck to you!
PIQ. Yes, that is true indeed, my dear.
CHO. Long live the happy pair!
ALL. Both are young, and one is fair—
Oh, won't they make a jolly pair!

ACT II.

A SALOON IN THE PALACE OF THE VICEROY.

CHORUS.

Noble lord, we pray you, awake;
Ah, open your eyes, for our sake—
Those eyes that shine
When we look at you.
Revive! our hearts will break
To see you lying like a statue.
Noble lord, we pray you, awake.

NINETTA. Hurry, the salts! Oh, where's my
pocket?

I know I have my salts with me.

FRASQUINELLA. Run to the door, quick, duchess;
look it!

Down his back we'll slip the key.

BRAMBILLA. Look at his eyelids; see, he's waking;
An unmistakable wink.

MANUELITA. 'Tis n't a pretty face he's making,
But he is getting well, I think.

ALL. Well, we think; well, we think;

Wake, we pray you, awake!

TARAPOTE. A saltimbanque, ladies, a saltimbanque.

NIN. Explain yourself, Tarapote.

TARA. Last night were not those among you who
are light sleepers awakened by a strange refrain?

BRAM. Some one was sick, eh?

FRAS. What did they sing?

TARA. [sings]. He will grow.

ALL [sing]. He will grow.

TARA. He will grow and prosper, for he is a Span-
iard; and at hearing this poetry between two and
three o'clock in the morning, were you not surprised?

FRAS. For my part, I thought it was a dream.

NIN. I was thinking of something else.

MAN. I suppose it was some employe of the cha-
teau coming home after getting tipsy in town.

TARA. It was the new favorite.

MAN. The new favorite!

TARA. Yes, it was the Baroness de Tobago, Mar-
chioness de Mancanares, who was installing herself in
company with her illustrious husband, the Baron de
Tobago, Marquis de Mancanares.

BRAM. Is she married?

TARA. In proof of it the husband is there.

ALL. There!

TARA. Yes, he is there, sleeping still doubtless, for
he was in a nice condition when he arrived here.

FRAS. A street-singer installed in the palace!

BRAM. It is disgraceful.

MAN. Could not the Viceroy place his affections
better? Has he not around him—

TARA. Very good, niece.

MAN. But, uncle—

TARA. Very good.

MAN. You did n't understand—

TARA. I understand that you are slighted; I un-
derstand that all of you are affronted; and that I am
more deeply affronted than the whole lot of you put
together. But let us be patient. If, as I hope, the
court is on our side, this joke will not last long—the
favorite will go the way she came; and if that dis-
turbs our gracious master too much—

MAN. We will try to console him.

TARA. Very good, niece.

MAN. But, uncle—

TARA. Capital, my niece, capital!

MAN. I assure you, uncle, you do not understand
me—

TARA. I understand that your heart is good, and
that pleases me, because I am your uncle. Come,
kiss your good old uncle. Ah! here is the husband.

Enter PIQUILLO.

PIQ. Ladies here; let us be polite. Ladies, I sa-
lute you. Where the deuce am I? What has hap-
pened to me? I can't get it out of my head that
since yesterday the most extraordinary changes have
taken place in my existence. What things? That's
what it would be impossible for me to say at this
moment. Ladies, I will salute you again.

BRAM. He dares to salute us.

FRAS. Let us make him feel our contempt, shall we?

MAN. Nothing would please me better. Madame
is well.

PIQ. Madame?

FRAS. Yes, the Baroness de Tobago, Marchioness de
Mancanares.

TARA. Your wife, in fact.

PIQ. [*aside*]. I did not see the gentleman before.
[*Aloud*]. I wish you good morning, sir.

TARA. Yes, your wife.

PIQ. My wife. Ah, that's it; that's what I could not remember. I am married.

COUPLETS.

MAN. We're told she has a thousand faces,
An airy sprite, a dainty elf;
Are people wrong to sing her praises?
But, oh, you do not know yourself.

FRAS. She has a tender disposition;
They say she's sad and sweet at eve;
If 't were not for your odd position,
We'd ask if this we might believe.

PIQ. Ah, what indeed is now the matter?
How maliciously they chatter!

CHO. O master husband, beware you;
We can't allow your keeping shady,
If you should meet your wife so true,
Many compliments to my lady.

BRAM. They also mention things so horrid,
I scarcely dare to speak aloud;
I see a blush upon your forehead;
Come, is it true, O marquis proud?

NIN. I trust you'll pardon our intrusion
Into your sacred private life;
We won't dispel one fond illusion;
But say who is madame, your wife?

PIQ. Oh, what indeed, etc.

CHO. O master husband, how are you? etc.

TARA. Many compliments to Madame.

PIQ. How to Madame? This is irony. Even with the little education I have received, I can see very well that it is irony. By listening in this way to these people, and listening without getting angry, I may come little by little to remember things, and set myself right in regard to my situation. If I stopped these people, and asked what am I doing here—if I was stupid enough to ask it, I should look like a fool; whereas, by asking no questions and simply listening—let us see—I know already that I married a woman; that's all right. Who is this woman? I do not know, I'm sure, but I shall doubtless soon meet some people who will tell me.

Enter Courtiers, who surround PIQUILLO.

PIQ. What are they going to do? If there were only four of them, I would think they are going to play at—but there are more than four: more. They are forming a circle; they want me to sing something. That's my business. I will sing them something. Hem! Hem!

COURTIERS. He tells you to your face, sir,
That nothing 'neath the sun
Could ever be much better
Than this that you have done.

PIQ. What did I say? I knew I would find out soon. I understand now. I know that I have married the king's mistress. Oh, but I must explain to them. Gentlemen—

COURT. He tells you to your face, sir,
That nothing 'neath the sun
Could ever be much better,
Than this that you have done.

PIQ. Gentlemen, I beg of you—

COURT. He tells you to your face, sir,
That nothing 'neath the sun
Could ever be much better,
Than this that you have done.

PIQ. Come, come, they begin to vex me.

Enter PEDRO and PANATELLAS.

PANA. Well, gentlemen, what does this mean?

PEDRO. Will you let that poor lad alone?

PANA. Come, pass on, gentlemen—circulate.

PEDRO. Circulate, gentlemen, circulate.

PIQ. Circulate, gentlemen, circulate.

PANA. Circulate, gentlemen, we are going to close here. [*Exit Courtiers.*]

PIQ. [*aside*]. I am in a museum. See how every thing discovers itself—how I'm getting to know all about it. I now find that I am married, and that I am in a museum. It is probably on that account that they have dressed me so finely. Ah, here you are, sir.

PANA. Here I am.

PIQ. I recognize you perfectly, in spite of your fine clothes; and this gentleman—is he with you? A friend, perhaps.

PANA. Don Pedro de Hinojosa, governor of the city.

PIQ. Don Pedro de Hognonsa—highly flattered, sir.

PANA. And we arrive just in time to defend you, as you see.

PIQ. It is the least you could do, sir; for you it was who yesterday profited by my miserable position to force me to accept—

PANA. What! reproaches!

PEDRO. He would not dare—

PIQ. I would n't! Well, never mind, I won't reproach you. I was about to hang myself; you offered to get me married. You told me that I should receive a large sum after the marriage, and that I could leave my wife and go to the devil my own way. This proposition seduced me, because I hoped with the large sum to find a certain woman whom I loved, who abandoned me, but whom I love a hundred times more since she—

PEDRO. I understand you.

PIQ. You do, I am sure.

PANA. In your place, I should have acted like you.

PIQ. Frankly now, between ourselves, are not women nice creatures?

PANA. and PEDRO. Ah!

PIQ. Nothing else worth living for.

PANA. and PEDRO. Nothing.

COUPLETS.

PIQ. Of all the blessings nature gave us,
Sweet woman is by far the best;
Both high and low we bow before her—
By all her power is confessed.
O woman, frail woman, fair and unsurpass'd,
As long as earth and sea shall last
About us will thy spell be cast.

PIQ., PANA., PEDRO. O woman, etc.

PIQ. When fortune frowns, and dangers threaten,
And all around seems dark and drear,
How sweet to be consoled by woman!
Her gentle soothing calms all fear.
O woman, etc.

PIQ., PANA., PEDRO. O woman, etc.

PIQ. Well, now, I have done as you wished. I have married the— Those gentlemen whom you forced to circulate told me what just now three times. As I am an honest man, I don't care about their singing it a fourth time; therefore, good morning.

PANA. Softly.

PIQ. What now?

PANA. A formality—a mere formality. This woman whom you married, you must present her.

PIQ. Present her to whom?

PEDRO. Why, to the court, to the Viceroy.

PIQ. And that will be all.

PANA. That will be all. You will be free.

PIQ. And I may then hunt after the woman I love?

PEDRO. As much as you please.

PIQ. Let us hurry then. Does it take place soon, this presentation?

PANA. Immediately. Here comes his Highness, and presently your wife. [*Panatellas and Pedro exit.*]

PIQ. My wife! The idea of seeing her does excite me a little. Not much, but still a little.

Enter lords and ladies. Then enter PEDRO and PANATELLAS, ushering in the VICEROY.

FINALE.

CHO. A husband now we soon shall see,
Presenting his wife to the court;
This happens now so frequently,
We count it of small import.

VICE. Ah, good day, Count.

PIQ. Good day, your Highness.

VICE. Then, so you are going to present
The Countess to me?

CHO. Ah! the Countess!

VICE. Yes, the Countess.

CHO. Ah, ah, ah!

She is so sweet, that lady there.

VICE. My friends, where is your reverence, where?

PEDRO. What shall we do to that man there?

PANA. What shall we do to that man there?

CHO. She is so sweet, that lady there.
A husband now, etc.

PANA. All that I have told you,
Do you remember?

PIQ. I remember.

PANA. Go on, then, and do not forget.

PIQ. Ah, yes, you'll see.

Come here, my lady.

PERI. I'm here, my love!

PIQ. Heavens! ah, that voice!
La Perichole!

PERI. Yes, yes!

PIQ. Can I believe? You now here?

PERI. Don't you know me?

PIQ. Alas! alas! I do!

PERI. Be still, I'll tell you all!

PIQ. You'll tell me all!

Ah, you will tell me all!

I know enough—yes, I know, traitress,
That you are the king's mistress,
And that I, then, am—

PERI. Be still! be still!

CHO. Ah, ah, ah! she is so fair!

She is so sweet, that lady there.

VICE. Did you expect this would befall?

PANA. and PED. Let us see what comes of it all!

CHO. She is so fair;

She is so sweet, that lady there!

PERI. A misunderstanding; but just look at me
now;

I'll calm him down, you'll see—I know just
how.

Listen a bit, for heaven's sake,
And don't attempt a step to take.
What signifies this fiery passion,
And these gestures so very free? 4B

May I inquire, is this the fashion
That you behave in company?

My amiable, gentle Cupid,

Can you not put your trust in me?

Ah, how blind you are!

Alas, why can't you see?

O dear! O dear!

Why are men all so stupid?

'Tis hard that you should dare to doubt me,

And spoil the good that I achieve;

What you would ever do without me,

You stupid boy, I can't conceive!

Be silent now, my jealous cupid;

And soon you'll pardon beg of me.

How blind you are, etc.

PIQ. I was too hasty, and I'll now—

I'll now present you in due form.

O king, O courtiers, all in waiting,

I present you that woman there;

A woman the most fascinating,

And the falsest of women fair.

The winning smile and gentle voice,

Too late I found that both were false;

Ah, she will tell you that she loves you,

And you, poor dupe, will be deceived.

O king, O courtiers, all in waiting,

She'll ever swear to adore thee.

Poor old man, easy to believe,

As I believed her once before;

Alas, she's fickle as the wind.

O king, O courtiers, all in waiting,

I present you that woman there;

Down at your feet, O king, I cast her,

The traitress!

I cast her off with bitter scorn!

VICE. Seize on that man!

CHO. Seize on that man!

VICE. Seize on that man!

PERI. Seize him! seize him! seize on that man!

I've borne with him long as I can;

He is too stupid! Seize on that man!

CHO. Seize on that man!

PANA. and PEDRO. We've got the man!

We have him now; where shall we take him?

Great king, where shall we take him?

CHO. Great king, where shall we take him?

VICE. Take him away, courtiers gallant,

To the cell that I've constructed.

For husbands *re*,

For husbands *cal*,

For husbands *ci*,

For husbands *trant*,

For husbands *recalcitrant*.

VICE. and CHO. For husbands *re*, etc.

PIQ. You sold yourself to him for gold;

Is this the love you swore to me of old?

Ah! where's the faithful love you pledged—

You pledged to me of yore?

Hence, avoid me! Go, false traitress!

PERI. and CHO. False to me who so loved thee! Ah!

ALL. Take him away, etc.

For husbands *re*, etc.

ACT III.

THE CELL OF OBSTINATE HUSBANDS.

Enter OLD PRISONER through trap.

OLD PRISONER. I am endeavoring to escape. Shall I succeed? that's the question. Twelve years have I been in this prison; for twelve years I have not seen a woman. I have employed these twelve years in cutting through the wall of my cell with this little knife, and I've got thus far. Twelve years to cut through the other wall, and I am free. Let me not lose a moment. I hear a voice, it would seem; I must get back quickly. In matters of escape there is no such thing as too much prudence.

[Exit Old Prisoner.]

Enter PIQUILLO, PANATELLAS, PEDRO, JAILER, and COURTIERS.

JAILER. This is the place, gentlemen; we have arrived.

PANATELLAS. Is this the cell for obstinate husbands

JAIL. Yes, my lord.

PEDRO. It is nice and clean.

JAIL. It is quite new, and has not been used by any body.

PIQUILLO. Then I am put in prison because I didn't care that my wife—

PANA. You are put in prison because you've been recalcitrant.

PIQ. That's just what I said; he's laying the counterpane.

PANA. Good-bye, old friend, good-bye.

PIQ. Are you going to leave me alone?

PEDRO. Why, of course; all the fun is going on upstairs.

PIQ. What fun?

PANA. But we shall not leave you without having told you what we think of your admirable conduct.

COUPLETS.

I.

PEDRO. All husbands once with submission

Would bow the head to Majesty,

But you have spurned him with derision,

And dared to cry, "Not for me."

We admire your wrath courageous,

Advantageous to the general common weal;

Take then, though in vilest durance,

The assurance of most sincere regard we feel.

II.

I thought the bribe sure would blind you,

But your virtue is intact;

Nothing more than a folly find,

I compliment you on the fact.

We admire your wrath courageous,

Advantageous to the general common weal;

Take then, though in vilest durance,

The assurance of most sincere regard we feel.

[Exit all but Piquillo.]

PIQ. There's friendship as far as the door. He's moved. Who would not be at the aspect of such a misfortune? They've left me my fine clothes; they will mildew with humidity. These gentlemen who have gone were moved. This proves that I have at least conquered public consideration. That's a consolation; unfortunately it is insufficient, like most

consolations. So this is the bed of the honest man—straw; I shall sleep on straw, when, were I a scoundrel, I should sleep on feathers. This is a case—I don't want to speak against Providence, but this is a case. People may say what they like, but it's wrong.

SONG.

I.

PIQ. He could not bribe me to deliver
To him the woman I had wed;
So in this cell, immured forever,
I may look on myself as dead.
My widow, my widow,
What is she doing while I'm dead?
My widow, my widow,
What is she doing while I'm dead?

II.

Shameful horrors, newly risen,
On dainty food she is fed,
While I am left a corpse in prison;
To groan, to groan, upon my wretched bed;
O my widow, my widow,
What is she doing while I'm dead?
She's with the king, unfaithful creature,
How soon astray by flattery led!

III.

He praised every lively feature,
And that's the way they go ahead;
My widow, my widow,
What is she doing while I'm dead?
Bah! what good is jealous fretting!
I had forgotten I am dead.
'Tis best to sleep—sleep is forgetting—
I don't quite know by whom that is said.
Now if to love a tear I did owe,
That solitary tear is shed.
My widow, my widow,
What! do you now that I'm dead?

Enter PERICHOLE and JAILER.

PERI. Is he bound so that I can come near him without fear?

JAIL. He is not tied, madame; but if you wish, I can attach him to one of those rings.

PERI. 'Tis useless; but be at hand, and on the slightest cry throw yourself on him with your men.

JAIL. Very well, madame. *[Exit Jailer.]*

PIQ. Who goes there?

PERI. Me.

PIQ. Who are you?

PERI. The Perichole.

PIQ. The Perichole!

PERI. Didn't you expect to see me?

PIQ. I didn't expect it; no. I shouldn't have thought you'd be so imprudent. But as you have been imprudent—

PERI. Well.

PIQ. You shall see. *[Threatens her.]*

PERI. One step and I cry out. If I call, the jailer comes in with his men, who will throw themselves on you, and you'll be fastened to one of those iron rings. Now do what you please.

PIQ. Are you serious?

PERI. Nobody could be more so.

PIQ. Very good then. You were less imprudent than I had supposed—that's all.

PERI. All right—let's chat now. Do you suppose I should have come here unless I had a motive?

PIQ. You wanted to see that I had a bad bed. Well, be satisfied; I am as badly bedded as possible. There is the couch of an honest man; it's to see that you came here.

PERI. No, it isn't for that.

PIQ. For what then?

DUO.

PERI. Into these gloomy vaults, into this dungeon lonely,

Piquillo, Piquillo, and canst thou, love, not see

That but one only cause, one cherished object only,

Through these sad silent halls,

Hath led my steps to thee?

No, no, my dear—no, no, my dear,

I come to speak to you.

Would I deceive you? I can not leave you.

PIQ. I quite understand; this object is but too clear;

You have come to make sport of me,

That alone brings you here;

I will hear, have no fear.

PERI. 'Tis for that object only, my dearest,

'Tis so, you agree, you agree,

Listen then, list, oh, list to me!

PIQ. Countess of Tobago, I agree, I agree;

I list to thee, I list to thee.

SONG.

I.

PERI. You have not the fairest of all faces,
Not wit enough to keep you sweet;
A mountebank has greater graces,
A clown who tumbles on the street.
Of talent no amount alarming
Have you to guarantee your fame;
Of all one must have to be charming,
You've not a bit; yet all the same—
I adore thee, brigand, disgraceful though it be—

I adore thee, nor can I live and not love thee.

PIQ. For I love you, you rogue, disgraceful though it be,
I love thee, for can I e'er help loving thee?

II.

PERI. Unto good cheer I've no objection,
Liked the Viceroy's regal fare;
With you I'd live upon affection
Which is like living upon air,
With him indeed my time passed gayly,
I had whate'er I pleased to name;
New presents and new pleasures daily,
Jewels and gold; yet all the same,
All the same, all the same,
I adore thee, brigand, disgraceful though it be—

I adore thee, nor can I live and not love thee.

PIQ. Ah, if I could believe thee!
Swear by the heavens high o'er thee,
Is it true that you love me,
You love me, you love me?

PERI. Ah, my heart's breaking for thee—
I adore thee! I adore thee!

PIQ. Is it true that you love—

You love me, you love me?

PERI. I adore thee, oh, joy extremest,

Pleasures supremest—

Felicita, felicità.

PIQ. My happiness would be complete,

If I only were free, my sweet.

PERI. Oh! my heart's breaking for thee—

I adore thee! I adore thee!

PIQ. How was it, by the way, that you came here?

PERI. I asked permission of the Viceroy.

PIQ. And he gave it to you?

PERI. He refuses me nothing.

PIQ. Ah!

PERI. You're stupid. Don't you see, he refuses me nothing, because I've refused him every thing?

PIQ. How! you say that? If he is still at the point of refusing you nothing, it means—

PERI. That I have refused every thing, sir. Don't you understand?

PIQ. No!

PERI. You'll understand later. We have no time to lose. You will be free, my Piquillo, shortly. I have about me a bag of gold and precious stones, large enough to corrupt all the jailers in the world.

Enter VICEROY, disguised as jailer.

TRIO.

VICE. I'm the pretty jailer bold,
See my beard and the way I wear it;
Though to cut it I have been told,
I will never cut it, I swear it;
And ding, ding, ding,
Jingling keeps morn and evening.

PERI. And ding, ding, ding,
Jingling keeps morn and evening.

VICE. Unto the lonely prisoner
I daily bear his water gruel;
Although I've a barbarous air,
I'm not by any means so cruel.
And ding, ding, ding, etc.

PERI. And ding, ding, ding, etc.
Pretty is the refrain you sing—
Sort of complete, perfectly sweet—
So sweet, so sweet,
With his bunch of keys that jingle, etc.

PIQ. Jingling, etc.

PERI. That's quite enough of that! Do you know what this is?

VICE. Perfectly. Diamonds, which the Viceroy gave you.

PERI. Yes, and diamonds which are yours, if you consent to the escape.

PIQ. Here now; you're giving too much; but after all—

VICE. And if I consent to favor his escape, what will you do?

PERI. I'll go with him.

VICE. Go with him?

PIQ. Without doubt; with Don Alphonse Piquillo.

VICE. [laughs]. Ah, ah, ah! He's too good.

PIQ. It ought to be forbidden to laugh that way. He's nice, but he's stupid.

PERI. I must agree with you in that.

VICE. [aside]. You'll see by and by whether I am stupid or not. [Aloud.] Well, and the poor Viceroy; you will leave him behind?

PERI. Right straight!

VICE. But he adores you.

PERI. What's that to me?

VICE. If you cared for him, it would be something to you.

PERI. Yes, but I don't.

VICE. Not a tiny bit?

PERI. Not an atom.

PIQ. It is me she loves.

PERI. Yes, 'tis he. I love him—he loves me—we love one another. We wish to live one beside the other, and it is you, little jailer, we have counted on to have this satisfaction.

VICE. It's on me you've counted, is it?

PERI. Yes, my dear little jailer, on you.

VICE. Well, you've been wrong, and this satisfaction I will procure you more complete than you could have hoped. Guards to me!

Enter Four Guards.

PERI. and PIQ. Oh!

VICE. The woman on the right, the man on the left. Don't hurt the woman; but if you damage the man a little, I shall not scold.

[Guards tie Perichole and Piquillo.]

VICE. 'Tis well; leave us.

[Guards exit.]

PERI. Don Andres!

PIQ. The Viceroy!

VICE. Yes, the Viceroy, who isn't such a fool as he looks—the Viceroy, whom one minute has sufficed to revenge himself of your disdain, madame. To live side by side, say you? You now have your wish. Remain there, and speak of love if you like it.

PIQ. Perhaps he thinks I'll say "God bless you." Yes, tyrant, we will speak of our love.

PERI. We will speak of it before your very nose and beard.

VICE. You are mistaken, madame; this beard is not mine.

TRIO.

PIQ. King knee-high to a grasshopper!

PERI. We're now, petty power, alive.

PIQ. We do not care.

PERI. We do not care.

PIQ. Not a copper.

PERI. Not a copper.

PIQ. Do you hear?

PERI. Do you hear?

We love, we love.

VICE. Ah, jealousy but too well grounded

Doth my spirit to sorrow move.

I am a king of power unbounded;

What is that if I have not love?

PERI. Ah! jealousy but too well grounded

Doth his spirit to sorrow move.

He is a king of power unbounded;

Hapless wretch, but he has not love.

We love, we love, whate'er our fate;

Tyrant, we defy your hate.

PIQ. Confound him! he's standing right by her.

VICE. I will try her.

PIQ. What does the wretch say?

Will you go away, will you go away?

PERI. Will you go away?

VICE. Listen; I have a word to say;

If you should grow more sensible later,

If you're prepared to leave that traitor,

Sing me one of those airs,

Those sweet airs I have heard, I shall be there.

Hush, hush!

Don't answer a word, a word.

PERI. Out of my sight! out of my sight!

PIQ. Well, what did he say, cowardly despot?

PERI. Wicked despot.

[Exit Viceroy.]

PIQ. What did the Viceroy say just now?

PERI. When?

PIQ. When he spoke low.

PERI. He said nothing.

PIQ. Why did he speak low then? When one has nothing to say, one doesn't speak at all.

PERI. Don't annoy me. You can see that I am suffering from being ironed at the waist, and you bother me with these stupid questions; besides, it isn't time; you know what he says. Be quiet.

PIQ. What is it?

PERI. It seems as if I heard—

Enter OLD PRISONER.

OLD PRIS. Chut!

BOTH. What is that?

OLD PRIS. Be silent.

BOTH. What is it?

OLD PRIS. I bring you liberty.

BOTH. Liberty?

OLD PRIS. It has taken me twelve years to break through the wall of my cell with this little knife. Twelve more years to break through the wall of your cell, and we are free.

BOTH. In twelve years?

OLD PRIS. Yes! don't let us lose a moment.

PERI. Say, my friend, I have a more rapid means. Have you got about you your knife?

OLD PRIS. Behold it!

PERI. Well, then, just break one of the links of this chain with it.

OLD PRIS. At your service. *[Embraces Perichole.]*

PERI. Well, well!

PIQ. What is it? Will you please—

OLD PRIS. I beg pardon, it was twelve years ago, my friends, it was twelve years ago that— There, you are free!

PIQ. Good; I bear you no grudge.

PERI. Now listen; the Viceroy told me a little while ago—

PIQ. I knew very well he said something.

PERI. What a torment!

PIQ. You didn't always say that.

PERI. The Viceroy told me that if I didn't care to pass the night tied to this ring, I should sing one of those songs I sing so well. It is not I who speak, but the Viceroy.

OLD PRIS. O madame!

PIQ. He is a man of the world.

PERI. He said he would be there, and that when he heard me sing he would come back. You, Piquillo, will stand up against your wall as if you were always chained. You, good old man, must hide behind this pillar. I will sing; the Viceroy will come, and when he is near enough—

OLD PRIS. We jump at him.

PIQ. We bind him and steal his keys.

PERI. And we decamp. Do you understand?

OLD PRIS. Yes, I understand.

PIQ. And now, attention! *[Perichole sings.]*

Enter VICEROY.

VICE. She adores me; did I hear right?

PERI. Is it you, Don Andres?

VICE. Yes, 'tis I; so you've become reasonable.

PERI. Altogether reasonable.

VICE. And you adore me?

PERI. And I adore you. One, two, three, and we have him. *[Old prisoner and Piquillo bind Viceroy. All three exit.]*

ACT IV.

SQUARE IN THE CITY OF LIMA.

Enter GUADALENA, MASTRILLA, and BERGINELLA.

MASTRILLA. What is the matter? Every body is frightened, every body is running away.

BERGINELLA. And all the militia is on foot to catch them.

Enter PERICHOLE, PIQUILLO, and the Old Prisoner.

BOTH. Piquillo and Perichole!

PIQUILLO. Do not betray us, good young ladies—don't betray us!

OLD PRISONER [*embracing Guadalena*]. It is now twelve years— [*Falls down.*]

PERICHOLE. That's what it is when you're out of the habit. [*Exit Perichole, Piquillo, and Old Prisoner.*]

Enter PANATELLAS, at head of Soldiers.

CHORUS. Forward, march! my boys—

March, quickly march, and make no noise.

PANA. With silent step we're on their traces—

They flee, we follow close behind;

We're hunting in all sorts of places,

And trust the traitors soon to find.

PANA and CHO. Traitors three, how they flee!

All the lot off have got.

Enter PEDRO, at head of Soldiers.

CHO. All the three rogues French leave have taken;

Hunt about, search them out,

Catch them all ere nightfall;

We'll have them or we're much mistaken;

We'll seek them in all sorts of places,

Narrow streets and alleys blind;

For now we're sure we're on their traces;

Follow their steps close behind.

Forward, march! etc.

PEDRO. The people behind us guying—

CHO. The people behind us guying—

PEDRO. Inquiring where the birds have flown—

CHO. Inquiring where the birds have flown—

PEDRO. Still follow us, wickedly crying—

CHO. Still follow us, wickedly crying—

PEDRO. Take them up—

CHO. Take them up—

PEDRO. Or leave them alone—

CHO. Or leave them alone.

ALL. Take them up, etc.

Enter THREE COUSINS. (Chorus of ladies.)

TRIO and CHORUS.

1ST COUS. Outcasts poor, where are they?

Let us hope, well away.

Why, their present hapless condition

Is the fault, on the whole,

Of that girl Perichole.

Another terrible ambition;

But, alas, wretched child!

See them now flying wild,

Wandering, much worse off than ever.

We may learn from their case

What to do in their place;

For we think we're rather more clever,
And if ever our master gracious—

2D COUS. Shall have such surprising cheek—

3D COUS. As to indulge in hopes fallacious,

Of his love to us to speak—

1ST COUS. We should display much more discretion—

2D COUS. More wisdom, more skill employ—

3D COUS. With politeness and self-possession—

COUS. We would refuse the Viceroy.

CHO. and COUS. Outcasts poor, etc.

Enter VICEROY and Soldiers.

VICE. They are taken, I suppose?

PEDRO. Excellency—

VICE. They are taken—arrested?

PANA. We are on their track, Excellency, and have a certain clue.

VICE. A clue! I know that joke; that's been played on me before.

PANA. But, your Highness, I assure you—

VICE. That you've found nothing at all, that you know nothing. Thus two persons have dared to put their hands on my sacred person. They tied me up like a sausage, this sacred person of mine; then got away, laughing at my position. And when I asked you, the governor of Lima—you, the first gentleman of my bed-chamber—if these two wretches were arrested, you think it is enough to answer, "We are on their track, Highness; we have a clue."

PEDRO. I've searched the palace, Highness; I've searched the shops, the bad resorts, the bazars, the inns, the lodging-houses, the—

VICE. And you, Panatellas?

PANA. Your Highness, I searched the inhabitants.

VICE. And what did you find?

PANA. Not much, Highness.

VICE. You say that because you are afraid I shall ask my share. Come forward, you three cousins.

BERG. Highness.

VICE. You know her, this wretched Perichole; you know him, this Piquillo?

MAST. Yes, Highness; but—

VICE. You saw them, no doubt?

GUAD. No, Highness, no. Did we see them?

VICE. You look troubled. Take care, you three cousins; you shall be beaten with birch if you do not tell the truth. You understand, I shall have you beaten after having stripped you to the waist.

CROWD. Eh! eh!

VICE. It will amuse you all, won't it?

PANA. Of course, of course.

VICE. Well, then, it won't take place. Let the chase go on. I shall catch those who tied me up, if I have to pull half the town to pieces to do it. Start on, gentlemen, start on.

CROWD. Here they are! Here they come!

VICE. Who?

PEDRO. The Perichole and Piquillo.

VICE. Piquillo! The Perichole! They surrender!
Very good!

Enter PIQUILLO, PERICHOLE, and Old Prisoner.

PIQ. You will allow us, won't you?

COUS. Certainly, certainly.

VICE. Wait, let us see what they will do?

PIQ. Thank you, good young ladies; thank you very much. Well, this is an audience. We'll have to distinguish ourselves, Perichole. It will be perhaps our last song.

PERI. And let us hope those who listen will be generous—very generous.

VICE. You will see.

PERI. Are you ready?

PIQ. Yes.

PERI. The clemency of Augustus—

VICE. That's quite delicate.

PERI. Clemency of Augustus, where the guilty were rewarded instead of being punished as they ought to have been—

PIQ. A complaint in two verses. *

VICE. Who do I see? The Marquis of Santarem?

PERI. Now let me in the round and do as I wish. Take back your diamonds, Highness; all we ask is that you don't have us hanged—

PIQ. Or demand back the four dollars spent for our marriage, great king.

PERI. Mercy, sire!

VICE. Stop! I'm melting. Don Andres de Barbeira is not in the habit of taking back what he has once given. Keep them all; your conduct awakens in me so much admiration that, were I not careful, I should cry like a fool. Where's my handkerchief? Somebody has stolen my handkerchief.

PERI. You have a cold in the head.

OLD PRIS. Here, sir! [*Offering handkerchief.*]

VICE. This reminds me of my ancestors, Milan of Crotona. Approach, Marquis de Santarem. What did you do to be put in prison?

OLD PRIS. I don't know.

VICE. I'm sorry, because I'd like to have forgiven it. But as you don't know, let him be taken back to his cell.

OLD PRIS. I don't care; I have my little knife.

VICE. Both of you are free.

BOTH. Free!

PERI. And rich. Now you see when I do the begging.

PIQ. O my Perichole!

PERI. My dear lover!

FINALE.

PIQ. Oh, listen now, I pray,

Oh, listen to my ditty;

Oh, have you not heard

That you are very pretty?

PERI. I have been called a bird,

And so I'll fly away, sir;

I have been called a bird

And I will say good day, sir.

PIQ. To you I'll homage pay,

And I'll always be gay;

I owe you my duty,

For you are my beauty.

PERI. Then I should answer, too,

Of flattery you're dreaming;

Then I should answer too,

I bid you, sir, good evening.

PIQ. Say good evening.

PERI. Yes, good evening.

BOTH. Whose there? etc.

ALL. Hoop-la, etc.

** in other libretto,
he says this when
he sees the old prisoner*

*comes in
in a
libretto*

*1120
even
p. 10
1200*

A Wonderful

A Deodorized

DISCOVERY!

Extract of Petroleum.



The only Article that
will restore Hair on
Bald Heads.

What the World has
been wanting for
Centuries.

CARBOLINE

The greatest discovery of our day, so far as a large portion of humanity is concerned, is CARBOLINE, an article prepared from Petroleum, and which effects a complete and radical cure in cases of baldness, or where the hair, owing to disease of the scalp, has become thin and tends to fall out. It is also a speedy restorative, and secures a luxuriant growth of hair, and brings back the natural color. The falling out of the hair, and the accumulation of dandruff, and the premature change in color, are all evidences of a diseased condition of the scalp, and the glands which nourish the hair. To arrest these causes, the article used must possess medical as well as chemical virtues, and the change must begin UNDER the scalp to be of permanent and lasting benefit. Such an article is CARBOLINE, and like many other wonderful discoveries it is found to consist of elements almost in their natural state. Petroleum Oil is the article which is made to work such extraordinary results: but it is after it has been chemically treated and completely deodorized that it is in proper condition for the toilet. It was in far-off Russia that the effect of Petroleum upon the hair was first observed, a Government officer having noticed that a partially bald-headed servant of his, when trimming the lamps, had a habit of wiping his oil-besmeared hands in his scanty locks, and the result was in a few months a much finer head of black, glossy hair than he ever had before. The oil was tried on horses and cattle that had lost their hair from the cattle plague, and the results were as rapid as they were marvelous. The manes and even the tails of horses which had fallen out were completely restored in a few weeks. These experiments were practically useless, as no one in civilized society could tolerate the use of refined petroleum as a dressing for the hair. But the skill of one of our own chemists has overcome the difficulty, and, by a process known only to himself, he has, after very elaborate and costly experiments, succeeded in deodorizing petroleum, which renders it susceptible of being handled as delicately as the famous Eau de Cologne. The experiments made with the deodorized liquid on the human hair were attended with the most astonishing results. A few applications where the hair was thin and falling gave remarkable tone and vigor to the scalp and hair. Every particle of dandruff disappears on the first or second dressing, and the liquid, so searching in its nature, seems to penetrate to the roots at once, and set up a radical change from the start. It is well known that the most beautiful colors are made from petroleum, and by some mysterious operation of nature the use of this article gradually imparts a beautiful light-blown color to the hair, which, by continued use, deepens to a black. The color remains permanent for an indefinite length of time, and the change is so gradual that the most intimate friends can scarce detect its progress.

We advise our readers to give it a trial, feeling satisfied that one application will convince them of its wonderful effects.—*Pittsburgh Commercial of October 22, 1877.*

The article is telling its own story in the hands of thousands who are using it with most gratifying and encouraging results.

Mr. GUSTAVUS F. HALL, late of the Oates Opera Troupe, writes: "After six weeks' use am convinced, as are also my comrades, that your CARBOLINE has and is producing a wonderful growth of hair where I had none for years."

Mr. C. H. SMITH, of the Jennie Hight Combination, writes: "After using your CARBOLINE three weeks, I am convinced that bald heads can be 're-haired;' it's simply wonderful in my case."

CARBOLINE is now presented to the public, without fear of contradiction, as the best Restorative and Beautifier of the Hair the world has ever produced.

PRICE, ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.

Sold by all Druggists.

KENNEDY & CO., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sole Agents for the United States, the Canadas, and Great Britain.

WEBER PIANO-FORTE.

Complete Triumph at the Centennial.

THE WEBER PIANO ALONE WAS CLASSED FIRST

*"For Sympathetic, Pure, and Rich Tone, combined with
Greatest Power,"*

As shown by the figures of the Judges on Grand Pianos, which are

THE FUNDAMENTAL BASIS OF ALL AWARDS.

"WEBER."

	BRISTOW.	KUPKA.	OLIVER.	SCHLEDMAYER.
TONE.....	6	6	6	6
EQUALITY.....	6	6	6	5
QUALITY.....	6	6	6	6
TOUCH.....	6	6	6	6
	<u>24</u>	<u>24</u>	<u>24</u>	<u>23=95</u>

OUT OF A POSSIBLE 96.

While the Highest Number reached by any of the other Forty Manufacturers was only

91 OUT OF A POSSIBLE 96.

The Musical Jury of the Centennial Exhibition has thus stamped its Official Seal upon the generally awarded verdict of every great Pianist, Musician, and Vocalist in the World, that

"THE WEBER PIANOS ARE THE BEST MANUFACTURED."

READ WHAT THEY SAY:

NILSSON.—I shall take every opportunity to RECOMMEND and PRAISE your instruments.

ALBANI.—I used your SPLENDID Pianos throughout America, and they deservedly merit the high distinction they have obtained.

MARIE ROZE.—I have frequently heard in Europe about the WONDERFUL TONE OF YOUR PIANOS, but must confess they SURPASS MY EXPECTATION.

MURSKA.—Your instruments surpass my expectations, and I rank you JUSTLY AS THE FOREMOST MANUFACTURER OF THE DAY.

GODDARD.—Your instruments have no "superior" anywhere. I certainly have not seen any Pianos in America which even approach them.

STRAUSS.—Your Pianos astonish me; I assure you that I HAVE NEVER yet seen ANY PIANOS WHICH EQUAL YOURS.

AND HUNDREDS OF OTHER TESTIMONIALS.

Warerooms: Fifth Avenue, Corner Sixteenth Street, New York.

ML50.032.P32 1878

C037511299

U.C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES



C037511299

DATE DUE

**Music Library
University of California at
Berkeley**

